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APRIL 3, 1957

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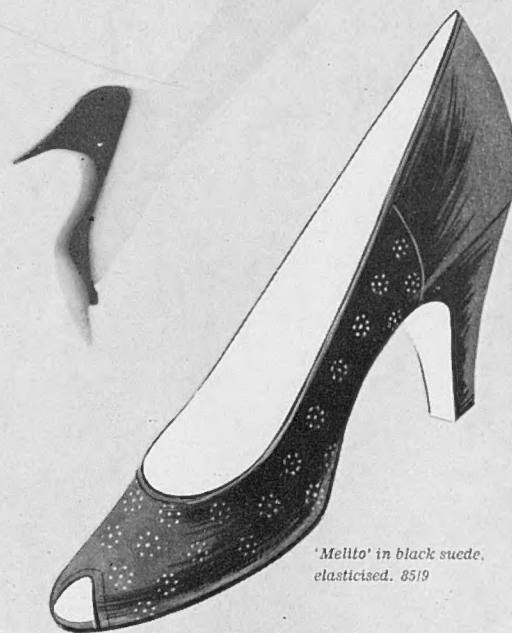
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 3 to April 10



MRS. HUMPHREY ATKINS is seen with her son Charles, who was born in 1952. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Robert Spencer-Nairn, Bt., of Over Rankeilour, Fife, and, like her father, Mrs. Atkins is a J.P. Her husband is the Conservative M.P. for Merton and Morden, and has served in the Navy. They have three daughters older than Charles, and live in Hampstead. Cover photograph taken by John French

Apr. 3 (Wed.) The Queen will hold an Afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cocktail parties: The Hon. Mrs. John Wills for Miss Susan Wills, in London; Mrs. Denis Drew and Mrs. Weddell for Miss Imogen Weddell, at 46 Belgrave Square; Mrs. K. M. Barnard for Miss Caroline McAndrew, at 30 Holland Park Mews.

Dance: Mrs. Robin Nunneley (small dance), for Miss Jennifer and Miss Phillada Nunneley, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Steeplechasing: Royal Artillery Meeting at Sandown.

Apr. 4 (Thu.) The Queen will hold an Afternoon Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace.

Cocktail Parties: Mrs. W. W. B. Scott for Miss Maxine Scott; Countess Howe (cocktail party and dancing) for Lady Frances Curzon and Miss Susan Shafto, at 32 Curzon Street.

Dances: Anglo-French Ball at the Dorchester; Trinity Foot Beagles Hunt Ball at Hurlingham Club.

Steeplechasing at Wincanton.

Apr. 5 (Fri.) Spring Exhibition of Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours (to May 2), R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit Street.

Cocktail Parties: Mrs. Nicholas Norman-Butler for Miss Nicola Norman-Butler, at 7 St. Alban's Grove, W.8; the Hon. Mrs. Goolden for the Hon. Kirstin Lowther.

Cocktail Dance: Mrs. John Cooper, Mrs. Peter Clarke and Mrs. Victor Canning for Miss Margaret Cooper, Miss Anne Clarke and Miss Lindel Canning, at 8 Lennox Gardens.

Dinner Dance: Mrs. Tom Arnold for Miss Louise Arnold at the Savoy.

Steeplechasing at Bangor-on-Dee (two days).

Apr. 6 (Sat.) Association Football: England v. Scotland at Wembley.

Hockey: England v. Scotland at Leeds.

Point to Points: Meynell Hunt at Aston-on-Trent; Mid-Kent Stagbonds at Charing, Kent; Harkaway Club at Chaddesley Corbett.

Flat racing at Catterick Bridge, Windsor and Leicester, and steeplechasing at Buckfastleigh.

Apr. 7 (Sun.)

Apr. 8 (Mon.) H.M. the Queen's State Visit to France begins (to 11th).

Cocktail Party: Lady Makins for Miss Virginia Makins, at 180 Queen's Gate.

Flat racing at Leicester and Alexandra Park.

Apr. 9 (Tue.) Cocktail Parties: Mrs. A. Macdonnell McClure and Mrs. Lawrence Ireland for Miss Alexandra McClure and Miss Valerie Ireland, at the Bath Club; Mrs. G. I. Barty-King and Mrs. Guy Jameson for Miss Jennifer Harrap and Miss Gemma Jameson, in London.

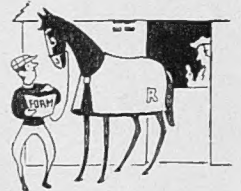
Flat racing at Newmarket (Craven Meeting).

Apr. 10 (Wed.) Association Football: Ireland v. Wales at Belfast.

Rugby League: Great Britain v. France, St. Helens, Lancs.

Cocktail Dance: Mrs. Cecil Porter for Miss Victoria Porter and Miss Rosamund Lee, at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Flat racing at Newmarket (Craven Meeting), and 'chasing at Fontwell Park.



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Barry Swaabe

Mrs. Anthony Rowe and her young son

MRS. ANTHONY ROWE, who is seen with her seven-month-old son, Giles, is the second daughter of Sir Robert Burnham Renwick, K.B.E., formerly Chairman of the London Electric Supply Co., and now President of the Television

Society. Her husband recently resigned as coach for the Oxford crew; he was the winner of the Diamond Sculls in 1950. Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Rowe and their small son live in Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, London, S.W.5

AMBASSADOR'S DAUGHTER

MISS CAROLINE NICHOLLS is the eighteen-year-old daughter of Sir John Nicholls. Miss Nicholls is to be presented at Court this season by her mother; and then, in the autumn, she will go up to Girton College, Cambridge, to read history. Sir John Nicholls, who has been British Ambassador to Israel, moves to Belgrade as Ambassador this month



Yevonde

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE COURT MOVES TO WINDSOR

IT has been officially announced that the Court will move to Windsor this week for a stay of four or five weeks. This will give the Queen, Prince Philip and their children a chance of enjoying the beauty of the gardens around Windsor Castle, which are superb at this time of the year. The azaleas and rhododendrons, which are cleverly laid out to give the most beautiful vistas, are some of the finest in the world, and the home parks are also ideal for riding, a recreation which Prince Charles and Princess Anne enjoy as much as their parents, and are likely to do most days.

No doubt Princess Margaret, who I hear will be at Royal Lodge for some of the Easter holiday with the Queen Mother, will frequently join them. Windsor is also within such easy reach of London for any official functions the Queen or Prince Philip may have to carry out.

This week is certainly an exciting one for this year's débutantes. The Queen's Afternoon Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace have been planned to take place today and tomorrow, April 3 and 4. Every

evening this week cocktail parties, some of them with dancing, have been planned for young girls making their début this year, and young men who will be their escorts for dances during the season. While on the subject of dances, I have heard so many hostesses of former years, young men and some of the girls who have already enjoyed a season, say how much more fun a dance would be, if there was a short break between each number. As it is now (or was at most dances last season) the band begins to play at the beginning of a dance and goes on non-stop—except for perhaps a moment when they change to a pianist or another band during supper—until the party ends. Many young people who come in dinner parties, both boys and girls, find they get stuck with the same partner for the whole evening especially at the beginning of the season, as if everyone doesn't stop dancing at the same time, it is often difficult to find other members of a dinner party or friends you know when you happen to take your partner off the floor for a short break.

Some hostesses suggest returning to programmes, but as these are unknown to most of this generation, who have never, as their parents

did, seen them at children's dances, why not have a number-stand near the band, simply announcing which dance it is, and the band pausing for a few minutes only between dances. This would give anyone who wanted to a chance to book ahead verbally, and time to look around for their next partner. I hear that several band leaders are against this idea, but I feel it is up to them to co-operate.

★ ★ ★

THE first débutante's cocktail party I went to this spring was a very gay one given by Lady Ropner for her daughter Merle, a blonde and very attractive girl who looked enchanting in a pink grosgrain dress. This took place in the Ropners' London house in Lennox Gardens, and Sir Leonard Ropner managed to get away from the House to help his wife and daughter look after guests for some of the time. Among the young people there were Merle's cousins, Miss Tessa Cannon, who came out last year, and Mr. David Bailey, and her brother Mr. John Ropner, who has recently started his National Service after a year in the U.S., and was in great form as he had passed his W.O.S.B. that day. Others included Lady Frances Curzon, and Miss Susan Shafto, whose mother Countess Howe is giving a cocktail-dance for them tomorrow night (April 4), Miss Louise Daintrey, Miss Penelope d'Erlanger and Miss Victoria Cannon, débutantes last year, Miss Jessica Wilson, Lady Daphne Cadogan, and pretty and petite Miss Deirdre Senior, who is so far the most soignée and best-turned-out among this year's débutantes. The young men included Lord James Crichton-Stuart, Mr. Henry Villiers, Mr. Tom Craig, Mr. Robin Newman, Mr. Peter Rickett, Mr. Tim Pugh, Mr. Tim Jessell, Mr. Jaimie Illingworth and many more.

Lady Ropner is giving a coming out dance at their home in Yorkshire on the Friday of York race week, August 23.

★ ★ ★

ON the following evening I went to a party given for another Yorkshire débutante, Miss Anne Brotherton, who looked really charming in a blue silk dress and was, like Merle, a splendid little hostess introducing her friends. This party took place at Londonderry House and the joint hostesses were Anne's mother Mrs. Brotherton and her brother's godmother Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller. There were very few older guests at this party, but they included Anne's uncle Mr. George Elliot, the Mayor of Kensington who brought his daughter Miss Lucy Fisher and his son Mr. Keith Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter who brought her very attractive débutante goddaughter Miss Susan Sheldon, and Major Humphrey Seed who also lives in Yorkshire, with whom came his débutante daughter Jennifer.

It was a very happy party, going with a great swing when I arrived. Among those enjoying it were Mr. Noel Cunningham Reid, Miss Caroline Lockhart and Miss Belinda Loyd who are sharing a coming out dance at Claridge's in June, the Hon. Nicholas Vivian, Mr. Peter Glossop, Miss Aphra Featherstonhaugh, Mr. Rodney de Chair, Mr. Michael Callender, a charming débutante the Hon. Kirstin Lowther, who is spending the season with her grandmother Ina Lady George Cholmondeley at Hampton Court Palace, the Hon. Charles Wilson, Mr. Simon Gibson and many more young friends including a bevy of Yorkshire débutantes. Among these I saw Miss Victoria Duff, Miss Jennifer Jane Parkinson, Miss Sue Coles, Miss Vicki Aykroyd, Miss Virginia Aked, Miss Julia Williamson, who later went on to another party given by her cousin Mr. Charles Connel, Miss Mary Hays and Miss Diana Goodhart, the very pretty daughter of Col. and Mr. Joe Goodhart who are giving a dance for her in Yorkshire on Saturday August 17, the night after Mrs. Brotherton is giving one for Anne at their home Kirkham Abbey, near Malton. This year with the unusual number of débutantes from Yorkshire it should mean a bumper York race week, with a lot of entertaining in the vicinity.

★ ★ ★

A WEDDING with a big Australian interest took place recently at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. This was when Mr. Geoffrey Larkins, only son of Mrs. C. W. Larkins and the late Mr. C. W. Larkins, of Adelaide, South Australia, married Miss Mary Bell, only daughter of Mrs. Hubert Mallinson and the late Capt. Bell. The ceremony was performed by the Venerable Julian Bickersteth, Archdeacon of Maidstone and a chaplain to the Queen. He is a well-known figure in Australia, and was the bridegroom's headmaster at St. Peter's College, Adelaide, where he was headmaster for fourteen years. Before that, the Archdeacon was connected with the famous Geelong Grammar School in Melbourne and after the war toured Australia collecting funds for the restoration of Canterbury Cathedral.

The bride, who was given away by her uncle, Major Phillip Bell, wore a dress of white embossed grosgrain with an Edwardian train gathered into a bow. Her tulle veil was held in place by a head-dress of lilies of the valley, white grape hyacinths and tiny orchids. She had a matron-of-honour, Mrs. Rex Brennan from Adelaide, one grown-up bridesmaid,

[Continued overleaf]



CHILDREN'S OFFERINGS

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER (above) receives from Juliet Blandy her money collected for the Gosfield Hall Appeal, at the Haymarket Theatre. On the left, Mrs. Cyril Ross and Lady Fairfax of Cameron



The Hon. Mrs. C. Wigram, daughter of Viscountess Kilmuir, with Caroline



Princess Miriam, daughter of the Sultan of Johore, and Cynthia Forbes, small daughter of Mrs. Henry Forbes



Mrs. Forbes with daughters Amanda and Vanessa

A. V. Swabe



Van Hallan

THE VICTORIA LEAGUE Ball Committee held a meeting at the home of the Countess of Middleton. With the Countess (centre) are Mr. M. T. Mbu, the Commissioner for Nigeria, and Lady Worsley

Miss Sheila Norris, and five children, Christabel Norbury, Sarah Marshall, Caroline Masfield, Patrick Laird MacGregor and Charles Smith-Maxwell. The bridesmaids wore white ribbed nylon dresses with red velvet sashes and head-dresses of red and gold flowers, and the little pages white silk shirts with their long red velvet trousers.

The bridegroom's mother was not able to come over from Australia for the wedding but the bride's mother, Mrs. Hubert Mallinson, was present wearing a midnight blue corded silk coat over a dress of the same shade and a hat of pink flowers.

Guests who came to the wedding and the reception at 23 Knightsbridge included several from Australia. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Denton Winchester, Mr. and Mrs. Rainsford-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Shannon, Miss Rosemary Wilkinson, and Miss Pat Cudmore. Other guests included Sir Robert and Lady Menzies, Mr. Roy Evans who was best man, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Schroeder from Sweden, M. and Mme. Andre Perrin from France, and Mr. Christopher Norbury, a very old friend of the bride's family, who proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom.

* * *

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret attended the two-day Grand Military meeting at Sandown Park, where the Queen Mother had runners both days. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were also there on the first day. The Royal visitors watched the racing from the little pavilion at the end of the main stand in the members' enclosure and made several visits to the paddock. On one occasion at least, when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went up, it was most informal. They were driven to the paddock by a friend in a small car, the two Royal ladies sitting three abreast on the back seat with Maj.-Gen. John Combe beside them!

The weather was perfect both days; glorious, warm sunshine, the going good, fields in most cases big (perhaps too big for the race for the Imperial Cup for which there were twenty-nine starters), the standard of racing high, and the many improvements made in the stands and lawns much appreciated by all who were present. Sir Kenneth Gibson, the very able Clerk of the Course, should have much of the credit for this.

On the second day there was a record attendance. I never believed I could see such a big crowd at Sandown, but, even so, I always found it possible to get a good view of the racing. The two big races at this meeting are the Grand Military Gold Cup on the first day and the Imperial Cup on Saturday. The former, for which there were thirteen starters, was won by Major Richard Dill of the 8th Hussars on his own very useful grey, Easter Breeze, which was trained by Mr. Thomson Jones, one of our most hard working and consistent young trainers under both rules.

This was an extremely popular victory and Major Dill received a great cheer as he went past the winning post and again when he rode into the unsaddling enclosure. Mr. John Powell was second, riding Revellie belonging to Lt.-Col. G. Kennard, who commands the 4th Hussars and could not ride his own horse as he had a broken leg, the result of one of the great number of ski-ing accidents this

winter. Capt. Bengough of the 10th Hussars was third on his own horse Eastern Chance, so this year the cavalry (now part of the Royal Armoured Corps) really came into their own, filling the first three places.

After the race, the Queen Mother, in powder blue, Princess Margaret, in a prune coloured velvet suit and cream satin beret, and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the latter in a dark blue suit and red hat, came up to the unsaddling enclosure where the Queen Mother presented the Gold Cup to Major Dill, who was also congratulated by the other members of the Royal Family.

Others riding in this race, which is for serving officers in any of the three Services, included Lt.-Col. T. Bulkeley of the Scots Guards riding Brig. Jim Windsor-Lewis's Happy Slave, the Hon. Norman Arthur on Maj.-Gen. David Dawnay's Conus Ta Tu, and Capt. A. Pearn of the Royal Marines who finished fourth on his own Waking.

The Imperial Cup, which is a handicap hurdle race, was won by an outsider, Mr. H. T. Smith's Camugliano, which started at 20-1, with the much fancied Limeville owned and trained in Ireland by Mr. Paddy Prendergast second, and the Contessa di Sant Elia's Hilarion third. Major K. Robertson, the starter, is to be congratulated on getting the big field of twenty-nine runners away so well in this race. The stewards at the meeting for the Service races were Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, General Sir Richard McCreery and Lt.-Col. C. H. Blacker. For the open races they were Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden, Cdr. H. S. Egerton, Major "Cuddy" Stirling-Stuart and Mr. John Rogerson.

In the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret's party watching the racing on the second day were the Queen Mother's nephew, the Earl of Granville, and the Hon. Katharine Smith, whom I saw returning from watching the horses in the paddock together, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Major Seymour.

A GREAT number of members past and present of the three Services were, as always, among the big attendance. Among these I saw Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher Beckett, who commands the 9th Lancers now stationed in Germany, who told me he had come over on the night boat for two days here. He was to leave before the last race on the second day to return to Germany, where he hoped members of his regiment would win two races at Frankfort the following day.

Also present were Brig. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, Lt.-Col. Frank Weldon of Olympic equestrian fame, who finished second on his own horse Snowhill Jim in the Grand Military Hunters' steeplechase, Brig. K. Brazier-Creagh whose runner in the Gold Cup showed great dislike to having his girths tightened in the paddock, Col. Sir Thomas Butler, Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, and Lady Butler, Major the Hon. Julian Berry who is in the Royal Horse Guards, and shortly goes off to join the regiment in Cyprus, with his pretty wife, who looked very smart in a well cut tweed suit. They had Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson staying with them.

Sir Nicholas Nuttall, who is also in the Blues and was home on leave from Cyprus, rode his good point-to-pointer, The Man in Blue (on which he had won the open race at the Pegasus Club point-to-point the previous Saturday) in the last race, but was unseated at the last fence. Other young riders in this race were Mr. Robert Watson, who rode Major Castle's John Daw to victory, Mr. George Wiggin who finished third on his own Jack's Crest (he is in his father's old regiment, the



Col. and Mrs. J. H. Walford with their son Michael before the Old School

11th Hussars), and Mr. Timothy Forster, who is in the same regiment and rode his own horse, Struell Well. Incidentally George Wiggins and Timothy Forster, riding the same two horses, had won Division One and Division Two of the open race at the V.W.H. (Earl Bathurst's) point-to-point the previous Saturday.

Spring suits and coats were well to the fore in this glorious sunshine. Outstanding among these were Mrs. David Keith in dark red and a black beret accompanied by her husband, the Countess of Normanton, whom I met wearing a blue-grey suit, with the Earl of Normanton and his sister Lady Biddulph, Mrs. Denis Russell in a very smart biscuit-coloured tweed, Mrs. Tony Cook in a beautifully cut navy-blue wool coat and little lime green petal hat, Mrs. Eileen Herbert looking nice in a blue and black check suit, and Mrs. Peter Cazalet very chic on the second day in grey when I saw her escorted by Major Ronnie Aird and Mr. Jack Thursby. Her husband Mr. Peter Cazalet saddled several runners at the meeting including the Queen Mother's horse, King's Point, who finished third in the Beech open steeplechase, and Mr. Dick Wilkins's Lolono II, who was third in the last race on the opening day.

Mr. Cazalet's son, Mr. Edward Cazalet, who is one of our most promising young riders, finished second in the Past and Present handicap steeplechase on Major R. M. Coles's Red Trump. This race was won by Mr. Gay Kindersley riding his own horse Fezzan, who started at 20-1.

OTHERS there included Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Brook, Mrs. Charles Tremayne, good looking in a greeny-grey suit, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Paget, Major and Mrs. Percy Legard, who had a runner on the first day, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. "Mike" Ansell whose son Nicholas was riding, Colonel and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth, Major David Gibson, who won the Grand Military Gold Cup three times, and his sister, Mrs. Homfray, the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester and her sister, Miss Diana Harrison, Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller and Lt.-Col. Eddie Studd who had a runner at the meeting.

I also saw the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones, Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve, Mr. Vincent Routledge, Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen, who have been out to Tripoli this winter where his old regiment the Queen's Bays is stationed, Mrs. Henry Hildyard, just back with her husband from a brief holiday in Sicily which they thoroughly enjoyed, Mr. Roy Hobson, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, Major and Mrs. Hugh Brassey, Miss Monica Sheriffe lunching with Col. James Hanbury, Lady Lettice Ashley Cooper, Col. Raoul Robin, Major and Mrs. Jack Paley Johnson who had a runner in the Gold Cup, and Sir Thomas Pilkington, Mr. Nick Ackroyd, Lord Crawshaw, the Hon. John Denison-Pender and Mr. William Weatherall and his wife who all managed to get racing on the Saturday. Miss Caroline Wilson and Miss Diana Cooke both looked very bronzed after their stay in South Africa, Miss Caroline Blackett was with her fiancé Capt. Warren Fenwicke-Clennell, and I saw Miss Patricia Swinley and her twin sister Peggy up from their home in Gloucestershire, Miss Rosemary Norrie still limping as the result of a ski-ing accident, sustained, she told me, thirteen weeks ago! Miss Angela Courage, Mr. Obbie Waller, Mr. and Mrs. Lobby Villar, Lady McCreery, Lt.-Col. Bill Bovill, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Starkey, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, and many more I have not space to mention.



HARROVIANS "AT HOME"

FOUNDERS' DAY at Harrow School again reunited members of many generations. Above, boys answering their names at "Bill," the traditional roll call unique to Harrow, conducted by the headmaster, Dr. R. L. James



Van Hallan

G/Capt. and Mrs. C. C. Morton with (left) G. R. Gilbert-Smith and (right) John Foss



Major and Mrs. John Derby were being shown round by their son Richard Derby



Mrs. H. G. Willis with her son, N. M. T. Willis



C. West, H. Reid, P. Fishbourne and J. Sheffield



*The
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12*



*Mr. and Mrs. P. Washington were hosts to
Mr. J. MacNair and Mrs. C. Booth*



*At table were Miss Vivian Ingram, Mr. J.
Rix, Mr. Simon Horn and Miss Molly Ingram*

*Mr. Michael Downes and
his wife*

*The Hon. Susan Remnant
with Lord Remnant*

A THAMES-SIDE BALL

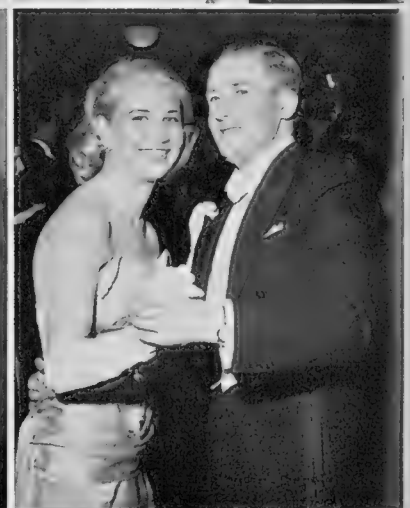
THE GARTH HUNT BALL was held at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead. Guests danced until early morning. Above, Mr. R. D. N. Phillips, who is the joint-M.F.H. of the South Berks pack, and Miss Susan Dunlea



*The Hon. James Remnant, Mr. R. Palmer, the
Hon. Mrs. James Remnant and Lady Remnant*



*Miss E. Barker with Maj.-
Gen. N. Coxwell-Rogers*



*Miss Wendy Varley
with Mr. Bill McAlpine*

Van Hallan



Mr. L. W. Robson, in whose home the ball was held, Mr. A. E. Snow and Miss Jane Allday

OXFORD BEAGLES BALL

THE CHRIST CHURCH and New College Beagles held their ball at Kiddington Hall, near Woodstock, Oxford, the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Robson. It was attended by more than 200 guests, and the joint-Masters, Mr. Richard Strachan and Mr. David Peake, both brought large parties

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
APRIL 3,
1957
13*



*Miss Elizabeth Frazer
with Mr. Euan Thomson*



*Miss Tessa Ruscoe and Mr.
Anthony Wallace-Turner*



*Miss Jeanne Lewis and
Mr. Alexis Belash*



*Miss Isabel Mitchell and
Mr. Robert Clarke*

*Mr. Mark Threipland, Miss C. Sankowski,
Miss S. Woodall and Dr. E. de Bono*



Van Hallar

*Miss Susan Gundry, Mr. Richard Strachan
and Miss Charlotte Kleinwort*



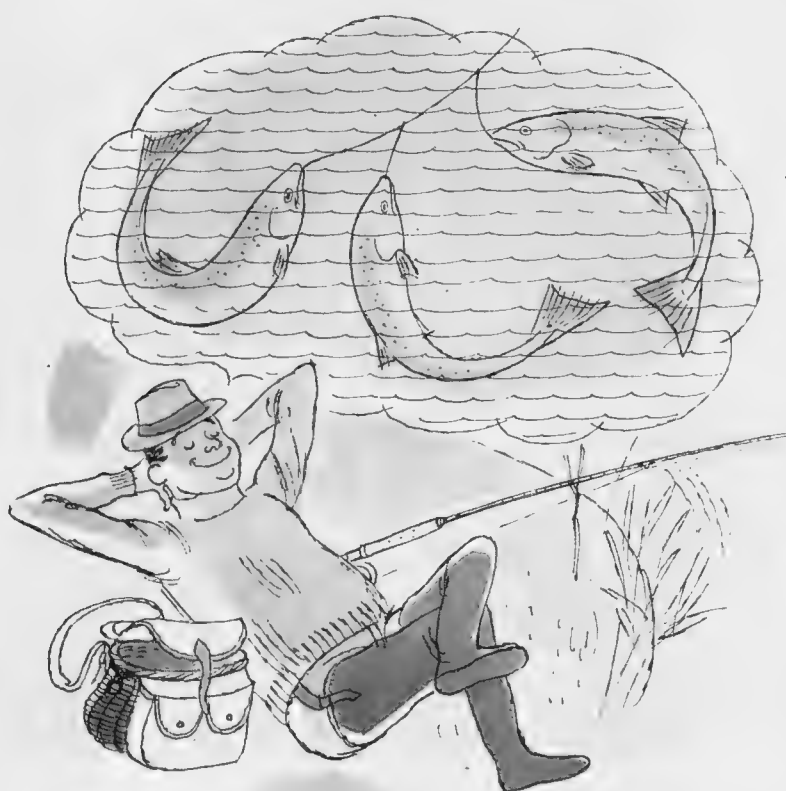
*Miss Virginia Caley sitting out with Mr.
David Peake*



Advice on what fly to use is given below. The Jock Scott (left) is as prosperous a hook as any in the fishing knapsack

WHEN THE HEART LEAPS HIGH WITH THE SALMON

"LOGIE" examines the prospects for this year's salmon fishing, and suggests the chances on particular beats. The drawings have been done by F. W. Capon



NEWS of early record catches of salmon are coming in from all over Scotland. The salmon pools of Royal Dee and of the Tweed are reported full of spring fish two months earlier than usual. The local pundits believe that the abnormally warm winter and the mild rain spates are probably one of the causes of this exciting early arrival to Deeside and the East Coast of Scotland of vast shoals of spring salmon. Already this year the reports from Lower Craithes are that Lord and Lady Cowdray and Lord and Lady Douglas Gordon caught seven salmon up to nineteen pounds on the opening day. News travels fast and May beats on the Dee, usually unlet in February, are being rapidly taken. Salmon are reported caught as far up as Balmoral, an exceptionally early take. Banchory Lodge has yielded thirty-two fish on one day of the second week of February.

Nor does this apply to the Dee only. The Duchess of Roxburghe, a keen angler, took four on the fly from Floors Upper Water of the Tweed on February 15. This famous lowland river is yielding daily an average of twenty or more fish a beat. Even the Teviot Angling Association Water is doing well. The gillies of the East Coast rivers right up to Easter Ross say the pools are holding an exceptional head of fish for this time of year.

So there are your favourable portents for possibly a record season. Of course we can't all go to these renowned rivers. Luckily there are many excellent smaller waters from which it is possible for the keen family, looking for a fishing cum sea holiday, to choose a centre from which all members may enjoy a varied recreation.

WHERE shall the choice fall? Petrol will be close to normal by springtime or at least we can save enough to cover our holidays. It is, I think, sound to aim at the more remote areas as distance acts as a filter.

Both in Scotland and Ireland there are some good hotels with fishings, and excellent alternatives for the family. At Invergarry on Loch Ness good fishing may be had on the Loch and on the River Oich, while the hotel is excellent and sailing is fine.

Loch Tay is the earliest of the salmon lochs. The hotels are good and the cost of fishing is the hire of the boat with a small charge for each fish. The smaller towns have excellent hotels

with good Scottish food and at a very reasonable price, around £7. Used to catering for anglers and their odd hours, the bar, a library of Highland distilleries, is a first-class information centre. The village pipe band performs outside on Saturday nights. Based on one of these Highland hotels one may fish on river and loch both for trout and salmon.

Then there are the large hotels of Strathspey from which you may fish thirteen miles of the Strathspey Angling Improvement Association's water with its centre at Grantown. Here sixty salmon were caught on the opening day—February 11.

Other first-class rivers have stretches leased by the local Angling Associations on which fishing by ticket may be arranged.

For a family it is best, I think, to choose an area close to the sea or loch with a short run to a choice of fishings.

Nairn on Moray Firth is a famous golfing centre. From there one may fish three or four of the smaller but excellent salmon rivers, while trouting may be had in all directions. The family may bathe or play golf or go sea fishing.

Aberdeen has beautiful safe beaches for children while from this centre one may fish the Dee, the Don, and the Ythan. The Don is good for salmon and in its upper reaches is famous for brown trout. From the Udney Arms at Newburgh a few miles north, sea trout may be caught all the season on fly and spinner.

For those who favour Ireland and the wilds, there exists no more romantic spot in Donegal than Portnoo. On a promontory overlooking a tiny harbour is a small hotel modernized by an Irish girl who hails from Chicago. The views over the sandy coastal bays and the Donegal hills are wonderful. The children have miles of absolutely safe sands and the shallow water is sun warmed. Bird life is incredibly interesting with rare types such as eider duck. From Portnoo you may fish for salmon, sea trout or brown trout, the latter in very good loughs on the Portnoo peninsula. The sea fishing is wonderful.

It would be unforgivable not to mention the West Coast of Scotland and the Isles. Here life is cheap and beautiful. You have a wide choice of fishing and recreation. The sea trout in the Voe's take a fly like bass in the Dysynni. The climate, due to the Gulf Stream, is surprisingly mild. In the Shetlands a large section of the fishing is virtually free and there are excellent short rivers and lochs. Here the sea trout take the fly in salt water as readily as the brown in fresh water. Any of the sea trout flies suffice, Peter Ross being a favourite, while strips of mackerel fished as a fly produce good bags.

If you are a trout angler your equipment will suffice with the addition of some six-pound and nine-pound nylon casts. A few flies, not more than four, size six to ten, are ample. Type does not matter. It is the size and colour that counts. If you care to stick to Jock Scott the rest may safely be forgotten. To boost your morale add Blue Charm and Silver Blue. These two flies are quite cheap in Scotland. Should one doubt the adequacy of this equipment the memory may help of the record salmon taken from the Deveron by a woman owner of Upper Mountblairy, a bonny fish of sixty-two pounds. The plaster cast of this mammoth may be seen in Brown's shop in Belmont Street, Aberdeen. To support my advice on flies a friend of mine, the local roadman at Glenties Donegal, is usually top scorer on the Oweanea and fishes with nothing but a number four Jock Scott.

Should you wish to spin, add a stronger top to your trout rod and fittings for the spinning reel. With this equipment you can land fish up to fifteen pounds with perfect safety to your rod. Two Devons of one and a half inches will suffice, but to prevent kink they should be of opposing spins. Fishing in the earlier months needs heavier equipment, but few holidaymakers, to whom this article is addressed, are able to get away when the rivers may be high.

Thigh waders are, I think, essential. You may do without but their absence will lessen your chances. Never attempt to wade bare legged as, in addition to the danger of a serious wound, the human smell puts most fish down. In fact, fishermen frequently rub some counter odour on their fingers before touching their lines. The most pleasant and effective of which I am aware is Bovril cubes.

So you see it's not so difficult after all to plan your fishing holiday. I hope those TATLER readers who are wavering in choice will grass six lovely fish. Send some to the smokers. They are a wonderful asset at Christmas.

(Flies by Ogden Smith, St. James's, London.)



A salmon caught in the act of leaping as it fights its way upstream to spawn





WINSTON GRAHAM, here seen at his home in Perranporth, Cornwall, wrote the novel *Fortune Is A Woman*, from which the film of the same name, with Jack Hawkins and Arlene Dahl in the leading parts, and directed by Sidney Gilliat, was recently made

Clayton Evans



"Jumping Bear says they've heard the cuckoo"

Roundabout

HAPPY BIRTHDAY ON THE CAROUSEL

Cyril Ray

As it was on April 4, 1956, that I first embarked upon my Roundabout, this week's notes must be regarded as a sort of birthday, and I duly wish myself many happy returns.

I like to think of myself as being mounted upon one of those gently circumambulatory timber steeds, dapple-grey, scarlet-nostrilled, noble-browed and flowing-maned, that are the glory of our fairground folk-art. And if some, at least, of my readers consider it not so much a charger as a hobby-horse, who am I to say them neigh?

For I know that many, if not most, of the weightiest events of the past twelve months have gone unrecorded, and unremarked upon, in these weekly comments.

Not for me—not here, at any rate—the solemn judgment on world affairs; not here the warning finger wagged at company directors, or at shop stewards; not here the trumpet call either for enterprise or emigration. This is a slippers corner, in which I have aired only my non-political prejudices, only my private whims. I like to think that there are those who have read me here every week for a twelvemonth, and still know only what wine I would drink, or what dish cut twice at—not what ticket I would vote, or in whose temple say my prayers.

Long may it be so, if only in this quiet corner. (In the lists, or on the platform, or at my own dining-table—ah, you should witness the fury, hear the passion, and marvel at the pig-headedness!)

So let the calliope sound, the steam-organ start up, and round we go again on our roundabout!

★ ★ ★

A RECENT, brief lecture-tour found me speaking in Cumberland, Yorkshire and my own county of Lancashire, one county on each of three successive days. I went by train (Halifax station, I discovered, reeks deliciously of toffee) and enjoyed afresh, on a golden spring day, that eye-opening and evocative journey over the Pennines from Leeds to Manchester.

Eye-opening is the word not because of any special scenic beauty, though there are glimpses of high skies and wide horizons. Nor does the train climb to any extraordinary height, as Norwegian and Swiss and Italian trains do—though you can be conscious of being on the Pennine "tops."

It is simply that here is a curious amalgam of fairly wild hill country with the grim, grey, tall-chimneyed wool and cotton towns that huddle in its valleys or sprawl over its slopes. Here, from the windows of the train, is a moving panorama of geography and economic history.

No Lancashire or Yorkshire town—not even the vast conurbation of Leeds or of Manchester—is ever wholly unaware of the sweet moorland air that sweeps over the bog-cotton and the dry stone walls; the air that is beaten by the wings of grouse and of plover, and that set the golden daffodils dancing in a sombre little wood I saw from the train at Slaithwaite; just as there is not a blade of the tough, coarse grass of the Pennine tops that does not carry a film of grime from the mill chimneys of the West Riding or of East Lancashire.

This is the part of England, full both of character and of characters, this tightly populated industrial belt that stretches



ORACLE IN APRIL

While April's sap goes surging free
In streams of vernal alchemy,
To what green altar are there led
The sacrifices, garlanded?
What grave, mysterious priest the rites
Of spring performs? What acolytes
Their incantations now intone
To what strange spirit? . . . on what throne?

The sacred ritual's here at hand,
Expectant silence laps the land;
Our Budget looms—pray silence for
A seasonally Delphic chancellor.

—JEAN STANGER

across the North of England—a belt that has the Pennines as its buckle—where more English people live than in any other. And I am constantly astounded that there should be so many bigwigs who live in London, governing the country as a whole, or preaching to it, or writing about it, or shaking their heads over it, or wagging admonitory fingers at it, who have never set foot in that part of the island where most of their fellow-islanders live. “Never been farther north than Oxford” ought not to be a boast but something to apologize for—and to correct.

★ ★ ★

A FRIEND of Jonathan Griffin, the playwright, has been telling me something of the story behind *The Hidden King*—the play in blank verse, running for three and a half hours, and described by its author as “a contemporary myth in a Renaissance setting”—which is to be a major production at this year's Edinburgh Festival.

For all its being in costume, this is a play about the cold war, for there are parallels with our own tortured time in this story of the man who claimed to be Sebastian, King of Portugal, who was believed to have been killed at the Battle of Alcazar, in 1578. Had the claim succeeded, the world's newly achieved balance of power would have been overturned. Rightly or wrongly, his claim was denied. Rightly or wrongly, he was hanged. Griffin solves no historical mystery: he merely poses problems of history and human conduct.

The man who wrote this highly dramatic and highly provocative play—and in noble and ringing verse—was engaged in broadcasting to the French during the war and, after it, was at our Embassy in Paris.

One Sunday afternoon, Jonathan Griffin found, on a bookstall by the Seine, a history of the period he has now invoked; and the propaganda battles of those last years of the Renaissance so took hold of his imagination that he threw up his diplomatic

career to retire to a faraway French village to write his play.

Griffin took what jobs of translating he could get to pay for a modest roof and for simple food. Sometimes, he told a close friend, he wondered whether and when the next few thousand francs would turn up. Somehow, they always did. Somehow, the play got published. But before it was even in print, Harvard University, on sight of the MS., invited him to lecture on the poetic drama, and now the play is to be a centrepiece at Edinburgh.

We may know, then, whether Britain lost a diplomatist only to find a distinguished new poet of the theatre.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE been dipping into Ward Price's book, *Extra-special Correspondent*, and trying to imagine what journalism was like in the days when a correspondent, wearing the top hat and morning-coat he had donned for Grand Prix day at Longchamp, could be met by an assistant with a ready-packed suitcase, leap on to the Orient Express, and arrive in Vienna, still top-hatted, for the funeral of the Archduke assassinated at Sarajevo.

None of that visa trouble that has haunted my own, later, generation for the whole of our journalistic careers.

There was a time, I remember reading in Lord Burnham's history of the *Daily Telegraph*, when the editor of that paper could send a note round to the great George Augustus Sala at his club telling him simply to write a leader on the price of fish, “and start for St. Petersburg tonight.”

As for careering across Europe in a top hat, I remember being told of James Bone's speech when he retired from the London editorship of the *Manchester Guardian*, after the war, in which he recalled that when he joined the paper, in 1900, he was the only member of the staff without a top hat, and that now, nearly half a century later, he was the only member of the staff with one.

BRIGGS

by Graham





*Portrait in Print*THE MAN OF
THE MOMENT

MR. PETER THORNEYCROFT, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose budget on Tuesday is awaited with extreme interest, is here seen in 11 Downing Street. The photographs were specially taken by Barry Swaebe



Mr. Thorneycroft relaxes (above) with his wife and daughter, Victoria, who will be six in June, by playing with his miniature poodle, Topper, better known to his familiars as "Topsy"

THE worst thing that can normally happen to a young M.P. is to catch the eye on his arrival at Westminster and be tipped as a certainty for high office. The Westminster course is long and has several Bechers' Brooks. It is littered with the relics of ex-future-Cabinet Ministers. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft is one of those who have survived the early attention of the political tipsters. As Chancellor of the Exchequer he is, at 47, sixth in the Cabinet's official ranking, and fourth if you leave out Peers, as we always have since Curzon. This month he and his charming and talented wife are moving into No. 11 Downing Street.

It has not been an easy race, far from it. The Board of Trade provided some dangerous fences. To start with in 1951 there was the economic crisis his party inherited, and had to deal with by measures very unlike those industry had expected from a Conservative Minister. There have been trade recessions, notably in textiles. They never actually burnt Peter Thorneycroft's effigy in Manchester, but they often felt like it. Add to these troubles a breakdown in health, and you see why his friends wondered at one time about his political future. A slipped disc kept him in bed for weeks. Characteristically he was back at work sooner than his doctors wished, and an indulgent House allowed him to keep on his feet while being questioned instead of hopping up and down according to the rules.

Meeting people rather than writing letters or minutes has always been the Chancellor's office practice. This getting together to talk things over has usually worked. It even worked with most of the cotton men. Not that Thorneycroft shuns paper work. His brief legal career—he practised for a while before the war on the Oxford circuit—accustomed him to getting quickly to the pitch of a complex document. The Bar had been his second choice of career. His first, and improbable, one was to be a Regular in the Gunners, going from Eton to the R.M.A., Woolwich.

IF you are up early in the morning you can often see the Chancellor walking across St. James's Park, sometimes with his lively miniature poodle, Topper, at his heels. In recess and at weekends he likes nothing better than a long country walk, often taking camera or sketch-book. He finds colour photography a real help in his painting, water colours mainly, but oils as well. In London the Thorneycrofts seek recreation in art galleries, the theatre and the concert hall. When Parliamentary affairs press, it is not unusual for them to cut out dinner if there is a chance to slip across the river to the Festival Hall.

Watching boxing is another of the Chancellor's enthusiasms. His staff at the Board of Trade only knew him really angry once. That was when they cancelled his seat at a big fight on an evening when he was due back from Washington. He has never used such blistering language to a political opponent as he did to the well-meaning men who thought he would be too tired after the flight to go out to Harringay. If these personal predilections arouse any budget hopes in one direction, they must be dashed in another. Peter Thorneycroft is a non-smoker.

As hostess at No. 11, Mrs. Thorneycroft will be a real asset to the Government; but she will not leave her home in Chester Square without regret. The house bears all the marks of her taste in furniture and interior decoration, which is as impeccable as her taste in clothes. Here her interest is deep, for she was once a leading fashion editress. Italian by birth, the Chancellor's wife is a witty conversationalist and a keen and knowledgeable collector of old silver and *objets d'art*. She takes a well-merited pride in her embroidery.

No man gets far in politics without courage. Thorneycroft in his early days showed his in a willingness, perhaps an over-willingness, to tilt at authority. He was one of the leaders of that militant ginger group, the Tory Reform Committee, to whose credit stands the one and only Parliamentary defeat of the Churchill wartime Government. That was on equal pay for teachers, and Thorneycroft was in it up to the neck as a "teller" against the Government in the division.

The Churchillian wrath the vote aroused robbed some of the M.P.s concerned of all further appetite for revolt. Not so Thorneycroft. He was back in action at Blackpool in 1946, making a scene at the usually decorous Conservative Conference as he led the demand for his defeated party to get on with the job of evolving a fighting and constructive policy. This task he attempted himself in a book, *Design For Living*, a political testament very much in the tradition of Harold Macmillan's earlier *The Middle Way*.

EIGHT years after that 1946 speech, at the same conference and oddly enough in the same hall, he was showing a harder courage. In one of the best speeches of his career he put up a remarkable defence of the principles of G.A.T.T. against an attack by that great veteran, Leo Amery. The cogency and force of his argument won the debate, and drew an ovation from an audience which had greeted him with little enthusiasm when he rose to speak.

Winston Churchill always had a liking for the brilliant young rebel of Opposition days. He appreciated his independent mind, and he encouraged his efforts with the paint brush. Thorneycroft was soon earmarked for a key post when his party got power.

Thorneycroft is a crusader, but, thank Heaven, a crusader with a sense of humour. Watch his eyes when he is talking, whether it is on the platform, in the House or just to a small group. They are always alight with enthusiasm. Expansion is his theme. So he swept away Government controls in his years at the Board of Trade; and aimed his blows at private controls and restrictions, too. Debates on his Restrictive Practices Bill—a measure not all his party welcomed at the start—saw him at his oratorical best.

Next week as Chancellor he has his chance to show how financial policy can be shaped to help this process of expansion along. On what he does next week and in the two budgets which are to follow may depend not only the political career of Peter Thorneycroft, but the fate in our times of the Conservative Party.

—T. LESTER BREWYN

Priscilla in Paris

THEATRICAL OCCASION IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

WHEN the first theatres were built at any distance from the *grands boulevards* how the old Parisians, those time-honoured patrons of the *Variétés* and *Nouveautés*, grumbled. The théâtre des Champs Elysées, on the avenue Montaigne, built at the end of the first decade of this century, was—and still is—one of the finest theatres in Paris but, in the opinion of theatregoers of those pre-World War One days, it was situated “so far away that no one would ever go to it!”

Time has changed all that. The avenue des Champs Elysées, between the Rond-Point and the Etoile, has become the Great White Way of Cinemaland, ballet seasons have taken place beyond the Arc de Triomphe, musical comedy and “shows” triumph in the avenue Wagram.

It had to be Charles de Beistegui, however—Spaniard by birth, Parisian by adoption—to open a theatre some fifty kilometres from Paris, there to produce Marivaux's *La Fausse Suivante* acted by players from the Comédie Française and receive requests for seats from hundreds of habitual first nighters who, on this occasion, were rather anxiously wondering “whether . . . ?”

WELL might they wonder. The occasion was a very special occasion. The first of many others no doubt—but that will only occur at intervals. Be it said at once that two others are following almost at once and that the baronne de Calerof is giving her famous annual charity fête there.

It is some years since M. de Beistegui bought the château de Groussay near the picturesque village of Montfort-l'Amory, but it is only fairly recently that he decided that since most old châteaux have their private theatre as well as their private chapel, it was time for him to conform with the tradition.

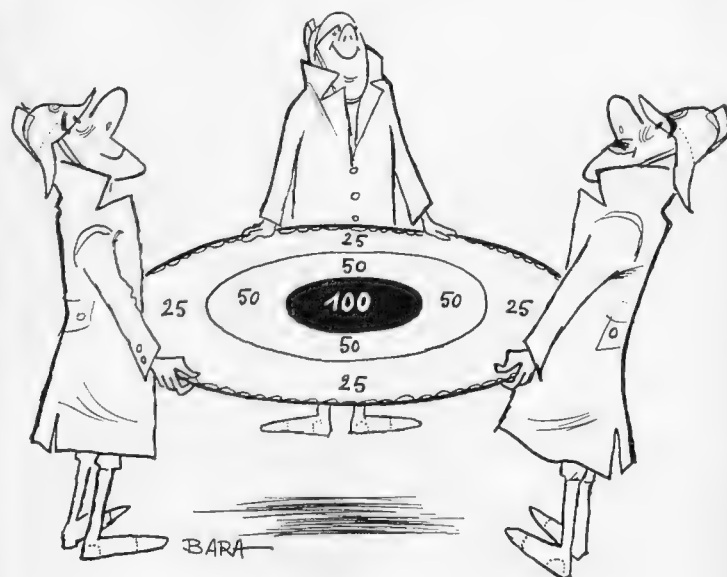
The château is Directoire in style. It seems that it was built for Melle Touzel who later became duchesse de Charost. She was “governess to the royal children in 1802.” I have not the faintest idea who or where those royal children may have been at that date, and I must confess I don't greatly care.

The new playhouse is definitely *néo grande siècle* and just as definitely charming. The walls are tapestried with red and blue brocade and lighted with chandeliers of Venetian glass. Three tiers of boxes, brocade-curtained and nest-like, and five rows of sumptuous armchairs can seat 220 spectators.

Only 220 when several hundreds had hoped. . . . But this was an Inauguration as well as a First Night and there is always



FRANCOISE ARNOULT the French film star (above) attended the premiere of the French Film Festival at the Gaumont, Haymarket, recently. Below, Genevieve Page, another actress from across the Channel, arriving for this exciting premiere





"J'espère que le testament aura allégé votre douleur"

something official about inaugurations. The "Tout Paris" that, after all is not quite *tout Paris*, put away its white ties and hung up its prettiest frocks and told itself that it really could not spare petrol for twice fifty kilometres in one evening! After all, one will always be able to see *La Fausse Suivante* since it will be given later at the Comédie Française itself, played by the same players, with the décors and costumes that have been designed by Charles de Beistegui.

Meanwhile the Inauguration, at Groussay, was most grandly official. The tricolor cockade was sported by many of the cars that on softly rolling pipe-clayed tyres hissed over the gravelled drive to the perron where silken-calved lackeys in yellow plush breeches and blue, gold-buttoned coats awaited their arrival. Half the Government was present, also the younger members of the Académie Française and Excellencies too innumerable to mention.

M. DE LA CHAUVINIÈRE, *maître du protocol* of the Republic, who was present, might have presided over the seating of the guests, but groups were formed according to affinities. While M. André Maurois, M. François Mauriac, M. and Mme. Jules Romain, Marshal Juin, the duc de Levy-Mirepoix, and ex-Presidents Edgar Faure and Paul Reynaud preferred to occupy the stalls, other more energetic notabilities, amongst whom were Serge Lifar and Philippe Erlanger, made for the boxes on the first tier. M. de la Chauvinière did manage, however, to place M. Bordenave, Minister of State to the Beaux Arts, in the imposing *loge d'honneur* that is reached by a branching staircase from the stalls.

The entertainment opened with an amusing *à propos* by Marcel Achard said by Jacques Charron of the Comédie Française. He was costumed fantastically: mi-Venetian gondolier, mi-Spaniard; this in allusion to "Carlos" de Beistegui's nationality and to his love of Venice where, at his *palazzo* Labia, he gave that sensational fancy dress ball a few seasons ago.

The other night was a gorgeous evening also. Only one slightly embarrassing moment that lasted but a blink of an eyelid. This was when during an *entr'acte* it was noticed that Mme. de Massigli and Mme. de Castellane were both wearing the same, exquisite Dior creation. They were not, however, of the same colour, which, of course, arranged everything; besides can one ever have too much of a really good thing?

Verités divers . . .

- "When a lady speaks frankly to a gentleman, she is being honest; when a man speaks frankly to a woman, he is being a cad."



THE MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE AMODIO in the study of their beautiful house, which is in the rue de l'Université, Paris

F. J. Goodman

MRS. MICHAEL PALLISER, wife of the First Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris. She is a daughter of M. Paul Spaak

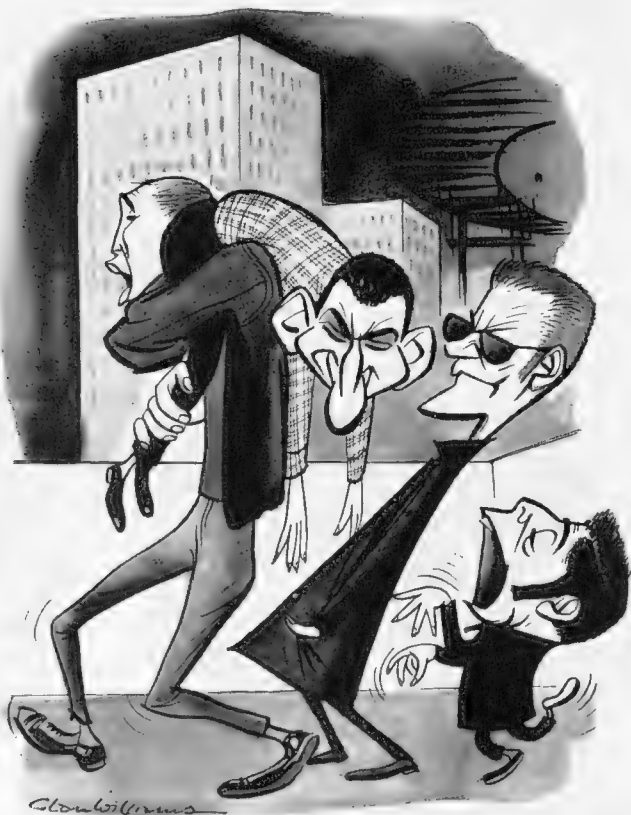




At the Theatre

A GOLDEN ARM JAB

"A HATFUL OF RAIN" (Princes Theatre). Some of the ways of drug-addicts—"junkies" to the trade—are displayed with melodramatic force in this American offering. Celia Pope (Sally Ann Howes, above) resists the addict's brother's advances (Sam Wanamaker), while the "junkie" (Bonar Colleano, below) is carried off by the gang (left to right, Bernard Bresslaw, Al Mulock and Vivian Matalon) who can no longer hope for his trade and so try to break him. Drawings by Glan Williams



It has become an article of faith on Broadway that if a producer concentrates sufficiently on realistic details he can drive almost any play to success. Mr. Sam Wanamaker is the chief exponent over here of this stage Pre-Raphaelitism. Every detail in *A Hatful Of Rain* at the Princes is as solid as steel, and is polished to the very quick of its being.

This display, lavish and painstaking, of burnished details should so fascinate us that we do not notice that these details belong to three or four slightly different plays which the author, Mr. Michael V. Gazzo, has somehow failed to weld into a coherent whole. That is the idea; but the disunity is in fact something that we do notice and rather resent.

The leading play is supposed to be the one about a drug addict, but the one that pleased me best was about a neglected wife struggling with the temptation to find consolation in the willing arms of her husband's brother. It was a slow motion affair, but Miss Sally Ann Howes and Mr. Wanamaker himself, as desperately lonely wife and good-hearted oaf, gave a genuine dramatic tension to the struggle which takes place between their best and worst selves.

It was quite a good idea that the moral victory should rest with the aggressor and the moral defeat with the woman who had, with apparent success, kept her honour intact.

WE remind ourselves, however, that this play could hardly have come into existence but for an improbability in the main play that is hard to swallow. The woman married to the drug-addict hasn't the ghost of an idea why her out-of-work husband behaves oddly and frequently spends unexplained nights away from home. She suspects another woman. She is the last to be told what all the trouble is about.

Why is she kept in the dark for so long? Simply because the author is busy meanwhile with another little play. The two brothers—the out of work "junkie" and the ne'er-do-well chucker-out in a low night club—live together in squalor, but they have a father who lives and always has lived in a decently comfortable hotel.

And this father, having neglected the boys in childhood, hungers now for a little unattainable family affection. He has to play a blundering game of hide-and-seek with his conscience before learning the truth, which is that the son he has always considered his favourite is a drug-addict who would have been beaten up by the dope peddlers if his scapegrace brother had not given him his savings. This revelation enables the bumbling father to lay the blame on the son who to save the situation has supplied the money.

When these inset plays have run their course we come down to the author's real subject, which is dope. His treatment of the main theme has begun well with an effectively sinister introduction of the peddlers who are playing cat and mouse with the addict and at the same time holding him in terror of coshes and bicycle chains.

POSSIBLY it is not Mr. Gazzo's fault that the scene introducing the sinister crew dopy with their own dope appears too ambitious. Possibly the producer is at fault here. At all events, the scene languishes into feeble burlesque, and has the effect of robbing of poignancy the response of the wife when at long last she is told the truth.

But if the plays do not achieve coherence and the movement of the author's mind seems always to be lagging behind the natural pace of our own, Mr. Wanamaker has certainly polished the details with loving care and the acting, though tied to the crawling dialogue, is often impressive. Mr. Bonar Colleano makes a great thing of the horrid nervous spasms of a deprived addict and somehow contrives to suggest a likeable quality in the weakling. Mr. Wanamaker perhaps instils into the scapegrace brother rather more cleverness than the play requires, for if he were not stupid as well as good-natured, he would do at the beginning what the wife does in the end: save the "junkie" from the dope peddlers by handing him over to the police. Within the narrow limits to which the wife is constrained, Miss Howes performs admirably. She should do even better with a more plausible part. Mr. George Colouris goes creditably though sometimes inaudibly through the emotional agonies of the bad American stage parent, who knows in his heart that he is bad.

—Anthony Cookman



OLIVIER'S PARTNER

MISS DOROTHY TUTIN will be welcomed back to the West End stage when she appears with Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer," the new play by John Osborne, at the Royal Court Theatre on April 10. Her last play failed to reach London, and she herself fell seriously ill. Before that her list of successes included "I Am A Camera" and "The Lark"

*Photograph by
Houston Rogers*



GRAND MILITARY MEETING AT SANDOWN PARK

RACEGOERS attending the Grand Military Meeting had a fine day's racing at Sandown Park. Above, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Margaret, the Queen Mother and the Duke of Gloucester with the winner of the Grand Military Gold Cup, Major R. P. G. Dill

Major R. B. Collie on his horse Topper after winning the Past and Present Hunters' Chase

Mrs. Tony Ingram, with Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Ingram





general view of the horses, jockeys, owners and racegoers in the parade ring before the start of the Past and Present Hunters' Steeplechase

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Plowden watching the parade in the paddock

Mr. Richard Caine, Mrs. Jack Lindsay and Mrs. Richard Caine

Col. F. H. Butterfield in the members' enclosure with Mrs. Butterfield





A leading Rome appearance for Miss Dawn Addams

MISS DAWN ADDAMS (Princess Massimo) is to return to the stage, appearing at the American Theatre in Rome in the leading role of John Van Druten's "Bell, Book And Candle." Miss Addams has already appeared in Rome before in "The Little Hut," Andre Roussin's naughty jest. She is awaiting the release of her film "A King In New York"

At the Pictures

MODERN CLASSIC PLOT
FOR MME. FEUILLERE

Elsbeth Grant

GIVEN the exquisite poise and charm of Mme. Edwige Feuillere, one eye-catching but irreproachable piece of jewellery and two well-trained accomplices, you can make a steady, tax-free income and, provided your conscience doesn't trouble you, live happily ever after in luxurious ease at the best hotels. *Le Septieme Commandement*, one of the films selected for the 1957 French Film Festival, tells you just how it's done.

As Nadia Vronsky, a bewitching confidence trickster of, one gathers, White Russian extraction, Mme. Feuillere travels through France, making an easy conquest of some rich and amorous gentleman at every place she visits. After a suitable interval, she shyly confides in her admirer: she is short of money and must sell her beautiful and valuable diamond brooch—but the jewellers, taking advantage of the fact that she is no business woman, have offered her an absurdly low price for it.

Her admirer gallantly offers to handle the matter for her—and she gives him the brooch. Before he can dispose of it, her accomplices, Messrs. Maurice Teynac and Jacques Morel, talented pickpockets, relieve him of the jewel. Overcome with horror at the loss, the admirer invariably presses upon Mme. Feuillere a handsome indemnity—which, with the prettiest show of reluctance, she accepts. After a share-out of the loot, the three tricksters move blithely on to the next field of operation.

It is a profitable game that could be played indefinitely—so Mme. Feuillere's companions are understandably aggrieved when she falls in love with one of their proposed victims, M. Jaques Dumesnil, and vanishes with him to his country retreat. By the time they catch up with her, Mme. Feuillere is on the point of letting M. Dumesnil make an honest woman of her.

The lady's efforts to rid herself of her old associates are elaborate and ingenious—but from here on the pace of the film flags: it dawdles along to a dim conclusion. Nevertheless, though the picture as a whole is a little disappointing, it is worth seeing for Mme. Feuillere's perfectly beautiful performance. She is still the most enchanting actress of them all.

THE British film industry so rarely provides us with a full-blooded drama that *Time Without Pity*, a powerfully emotional piece directed by Mr. Joseph Losey, is a most welcome surprise.

On the eve of his son's execution for the murder of a chorus-girl, Mr. Michael Redgrave returns to England from Canada, where he has been confined in a home for alcoholics. He is convinced that the boy is innocent—but he has only twenty-four hours in which to identify the real murderer. Painfully, doggedly, and sometimes through a haze of whisky, he pursues clue after slender clue until—just before one goes mad with communicated anxiety—he succeeds.

Mr. Redgrave is excellent—one feels deeply for him. Mr. Leo McKern somewhat overplays the part of a violent, self-made man, Miss Ann Todd is unexpectedly tender as his gentle wife, and Mr. Alec McCowan again gives an extremely sensitive performance as the condemned prisoner, with whom Miss Todd is in love. The film is not a who-dun-it—unless you miss the credit titles you will know from the outset who the murderer is—but, through its emphasis on the ease with which an irreparable miscarriage of justice might occur, it still contrives to keep one in a state of nerve-racked suspense.

In *Their Secret Affair*, Miss Susan Hayward, an influential magazine proprietor, takes pet when a U.S. Army General, Mr. Kirk Douglas, is nominated for an important diplomatic post in preference to a candidate of her choosing. By inviting him to visit her for ten days she hopes to collect material for an article which will utterly discredit him. The general, chaperoned by a



SUSAN HAYWARD has her latest starring role in "Their Secret Affair." She plays a hard-driving publisher out to break a general (Kirk Douglas) whose appointment she dislikes. Naturally she fails, but not, it would seem, disagreeably

public relations officer and a sergeant, arrives at Miss Hayward's house where every room contains a concealed tape-recorder and photographers, disguised as guests, lurk in unlikely corners.

To Miss Hayward's huge annoyance, the general never puts a foot wrong. Still, as nobody is more unscrupulous than an American magazine owner with an axe to grind, you may be sure that Miss Hayward does eventually lure him into situations that can be represented as compromising—but by this time, of course, she has fallen in love with him.

When he refuses to marry her, Miss Hayward rushes into print with a scurrilous article which lands the unhappy general on the carpet before a Senate investigation committee. This is no fun for him—and none for me: the bright bubble of comedy with which Miss Hayward and Mr. Douglas have adroitly juggled up to this point is suddenly pricked—and, despite a would-be gay ending, all that is left hanging in the air is a distinct odour of witch-hunting.

HERR JENS BJERRE, the Danish explorer, will, given the chance, introduce you to *The Last Cannibals*—the Kukukuku (pronounced "Cook you, cook you") tribe of New Guinea, who, he claims, are really very nice people. They don't look it. Their steady diet of boiled sago with a cut off a human joint on high days and holidays has done nothing for them: they have big heads, pot-bellies and spindly limbs and are altogether rather repulsive. Herr Bjerre finds endearing their habit of greeting strangers by stroking them under the chin: to me the gesture smacks too much of "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed"—and as the Kukukuku never wash, I'd as lief have them keep their distance. This is an interesting, if slightly macabre, documentary film.

A Man Is Ten Feet Tall is an impressive, eminently realistic drama of New York's railroad yards. Mr. John Cassavetes, a deserter from the army, gets himself a job under a bullying, blackmailing foreman (Mr. Jack Warden). Mr. Sidney Poitier, a lively and intelligent Negro gangster, hates to see him knuckle under to this base fellow: he sets out to make a man of the white youth. The testing time comes when, in a hideous fight with loading hooks, the Negro is killed. Mr. Martin Ritt, directing, has combined the ferocity of *On The Waterfront* with a compassion of his own.

Book Reviews

WHIRLWIND TOUR WITH CLARE SHERIDAN



FACE OF A TIGER, an illustration from "Tigermen Of Anai" by Ton Schilling, translated by E. W. Dickes (George Allen and Unwin, 16s.). The book tells of the thrills of life in the Dutch E. Indies, many years ago



A BOOK not likely to wilt from lack of attention is **To The Four Winds** (Andre Deutsch, 25s.). This is the autobiography of Clare Sheridan—story of "a life lived to the fullest." And in it the artist has executed a self-portrait which shows her as able with words as she is with clay. This sculptor's heads of the great always show an almost living mobility, due to her intense sympathy with the sitter's temperament. But in this case it may be that words serve her best—writing, she can convey the effect of the quick-running current of her existence, so often diverted but never stilled.

And writing has, for years, been her second *métier*. Adventurous journalism carried Mrs. Sheridan far afield; she was present at turning-points of history. So packed with exciting stuff is *To The Four Winds* that, one feels, each chapter could be a volume. Her heredity was in itself dynamic; from birth she found herself living among the great—her mother was one of the three famed daughters of the "fabulous" American Leonard Jerome. The child Clare, daughter of Moreton Frewen, had thus, as dominating first cousins, Winston Churchill and Shane Leslie—seniority made them somewhat alarming. Her two beautiful aunts were an element in her life.

Paris, scene of her mother's happiest memories, was known early. Much of childhood, however, was spent in the Frewen home, a delightful though haunted manor in Sussex, or at Innishannon near Bandon in County Cork. . . . Later to hear herself described as "the *enfant terrible* of Europe," Mrs. Sheridan was unorthodox from the first. Rebellious *débutante* (the despair of aunts), she escaped as much as she could from correct society. Remarkable friendships attracted her, and those only. Axel Munthe, met at the Swedish court, invited her to Capri: the magic weeks there opened the door to another world.

MARRIAGE to Wilfred Sheridan (descendant of the dramatist) settled the wild girl to home-making—for a few years only: her husband was killed in World War One. It was with widowhood that her fearless, willy-nilly spectacular career began: the St. John's Wood studio, growing recognition as a sculptor, and the much-deplored 1920 journey to Russia. In those days, such a visit was chancier than it might be now: Mrs. Sheridan had not a notion what she was in for! However, she'd been invited, a guest artist: straightway she entered the Kremlin. First Lenin sat to her, then Trotsky. Trotsky, she was to discover, was a martyr to his solitary passion for punctuality: no other Russian had any idea of time. He was said to have shot his chauffeur for being late. Lenin was distant, but agreeable.

Mrs. Sheridan returned to London in a glare of publicity—it is well that limelight has never scorched her. At the same time, she found herself cold-shouldered. (Her view of the 1920 social-political atmosphere with regard to Russia is now interesting.) The publication, somewhat against her will, of her Moscow diary, gained her further celebrity, on the strength of which an American tour seemed indicated. When again in Europe, she was the correspondent of one of the leading New York papers. Acting in this capacity, she was so unfortunate as to forfeit the friendship of Rudyard Kipling.

The travels, crises, stirring encounters, interviews, sittings reach a crescendo as *To The Four Winds* goes on. Mexico, Turkey, Greece, the Balkans, Ireland (during the civil war), Switzerland (during conferences), Germany, France, Italy are among the scenes. A second and more informal entry into Russia took place, this time in the sidecar of her brother's satanic motor bicycle. There was an idyllic camping expedition in California, with Charlie Chaplin and her five-year-old son. Mrs. Sheridan's two children, owing to her great love for them, acted as ballast or anchor throughout her wanderings: repeatedly she attempted to make a home for them; one on the Baltic gave place to one on the Bosphorus; Biskra, Algeria was long-lasting.



The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
APRIL 3,
1957
29

Desmond O'Neill

A DOUBLE EXHIBITION IN PICCADILLY

THE Society of Miniaturists is running its exhibition in conjunction with that of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, at the Institute's galleries. Above, Mr. P. Noble, Miss A. MacLeod and Mrs. L. Sheepshanks

Miss Gillian Willis and
Miss Vivienne Willis

Mr. Carl Felkel and Lady
Suffield



Mr. Norman Wilkinson, Institute President,
was accompanying Mrs. Wilkinson

Mr. J. Fletcher-Watson and
Mrs. E. R. Bingham

Mr. P. Kirk was here with
Mrs. Kirk



One great charm, nay, virtue, of *To The Four Winds* is the freshness of the author's narrative style. Everything described might have happened yesterday. And, everyone Mrs. Sheridan ever met seems to leave on her a sharp, lasting impression. This may in part be because she has kept a diary, she tells us, since she was seventeen: writing this book, we may suppose, she has been able to glance back at vivid pages. In Mahatma Gandhi, who sat for her, she perceived a saint—far from that, at midnight, proved Mussolini. Her plain-speaking relationship with her cousin Winston is delightfully pictured, and should give pleasure to all.

★ ★ ★

ELIZABETH COXHEAD's novel *The Friend In Need* (Collins, 13s. 6d.) has a compelling subject: child welfare. The scene, London, around the Pentonville Road; the heroine, a somewhat high-handed young social worker, Isobel Fairlie. The "deprived child," and what is to be done for it under the Children's Act 1948, is Isobel's charge, care, interest, and endless problem. Under her administrative power come the little victims of broken homes, illicit unions, or parents negligent or downright criminal. With the children she shows her good heart, her instinctive sense. Adults bring her bossy side to the fore.

As child welfare officer, Isobel has the *entrée* into a seedy variety of homes. Her own, to which she returns in the evenings, is in a graceful though shabby Regency backwater, pitched on those north-east London heights. Her gentle father, who keeps house for her, is more perceptive than the young woman realizes. I wondered, myself, how the author really did sum up Isobel? At any rate, she does not idealize her.

The truth is, Miss Coxhead is too good a novelist to show her hand. *The Friend In Need* is something very much better than a social document given fiction form—though also, there's a good deal to learn from it. First and last, it was the character-interest, plus the Pentonville scenery, which absorbed me.

—Elizabeth Bowen



THIS WEEK these fashion pages look ahead at summer holidays, and show clothes for a vacation in the sun, photographed in the colourful Canary Isles. Here the climate is ideal, seldom too hot, never too cold, and always sunny. Photographs taken by Michel Molinare

A HOLIDAY IN THE CANARIES

PICTURED in the charming villa of Don Jose Hernandez Suarez on Las Palmas, this beach outfit by Horrockses (below) in white pique trimmed with navy and white has a loose beach coat worn over a one-piece sunsuit of chemise top and shorts. Price 7½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason

Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez





FOR glamorous bathing this black nylon swimsuit by Fantasie is ideal. It is really well cut and has a cuffed top trimmed in satin and flared skirt banded low on the hips with satin. It costs £8 19s. 6d. from Woollands



A PINK and white candy striped cotton dress by Linzi. It has a scoop neckline and a tunic-style skirt with an inserted side panel and deep hem in plain pink. £5 9s. 6d. at Fifth Avenue, Regent St.



SLEEK white Terylene slacks worn with a luscious Italian pure silk shirt printed with multi-coloured peacocks strike a tropical note. The slacks cost 8½ gns. and the shirt 10½ gns. Both from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W.1

EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN

THE HOLIDAYMAKER in the Canaries, who can be sure of fine weather all through the year, combines sunbathing with feminine grace in this bright yellow poplin strapless playsuit. It has a full pleated skirt and brief under-shorts for the beach. The strapless top is a boon to those who wish to acquire a smooth tan. Playsuit is made by Horrockses and costs 4½ gns.; this is obtainable from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street



For

CASHMERE sweate
shaped like a man's pull
over, with a V-neck and
three-quarter sleeves
by Hunt and Winter
botham in their prett
bamboo shade. It cost
£6 15s., and may be
bought in other colour



IN SOFT pure wool
is this French hip
length parchment
coloured cardigan with
a high semi-turtle neck
and fly-fastening front.
Price 8 gns. from Hun
and Winterbotham,
Old Bond Street, W.



COMFORTABLE AND CASUAL fine wool sweaters are a useful adjunct to all holidays. Jaeger's supply a classic bright red twin-set made of pure wool. At £4 4s. it comes in a wide range of other colours

wearing when the Southern wind blows chill





THE SHIRTWAISTER dress makes its bow; cool and elegant, perfect for summer daytime in town. Left: Julian Rose's white coin spotted tan pure silk shirtwaister, with slim pegged skirt and collarless bodice, costs 23 gns. At Woollands

WARM WEATHER TAILORING

THE classic shirtwaister on this page, also by Julian Rose, is in plain caramel coloured shantung; it also costs 23 gns. The large white felt hat, 9 gns., pearl calf handbag, 7½ gns. All may be had from Woollands of Knightsbridge



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

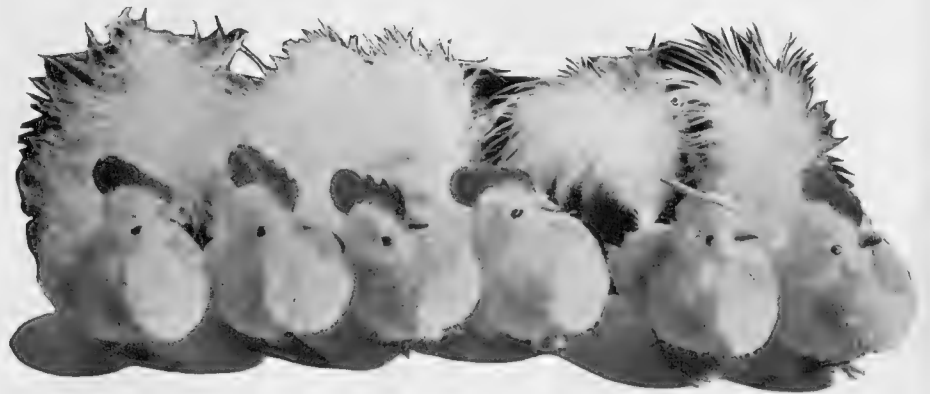
Traditional fancies for the great Spring Festival

*E*ASTER, coming as it does when the year's at the spring, is a time of fluffy lambs and chickens for the children, combined with a boundless consumption of chocolate eggs and an excuse for the grown-ups to gratify a rarely indulged sweet tooth

—JEAN CLELAND



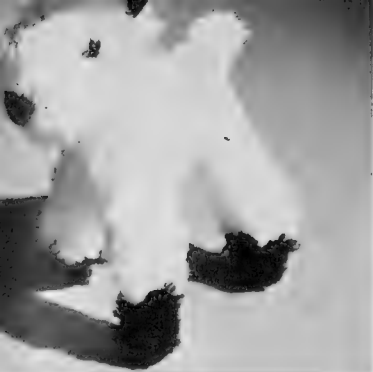
This attractive china cup, decorated with flowers and chickens, contains a large enticingly wrapped egg. Egg and cup cost £2 17s. 6d. and may be had at Harrods



Six little cockerels at 9d. each. They are obtainable from Harrods, Knightsbridge



Mechanical rabbit musicians playing different instruments are appealing to children of all ages. They are obtainable from Fortnum & Mason and are priced at £1 1s. each



A small woollen lamb is a very good present for a young baby. This one costs 7s. 9d. at Harrods



Beautifully presented, this novelty egg cup is generously filled with small chocolate eggs. 7s. 6d. at Fortnum & Mason, Piccadilly, W.1



A china chicken decorates this egg cup containing an egg. Egg and china cup 6s. 9d. Harrods



The china chicken pulling the egg cup basket with its edible load makes an original present. It costs 19s. 6d. at Harrods



A wicker basket containing eggs, £3 10s., and a gondola, which can be used later as a wine cradle, £2 2s. Harrods



Easter logs with fresh flowers cost from £1 5s. according to the choice of flowers. Also at Fortnum & Mason

Pink basket containing chocolate egg, £1 18s. 6d., egg filled with six jars of honey, £1 7s. 6d. Fortnum





Beauty

Fragrant Easter gifts

TIME was when chocolate eggs for the children, and hot-cross buns for the family in general, were sufficient in the way of gifts to commemorate Easter.

Now the giving of Easter presents has grown considerably and, although there is no need for lavish expenditure, it is customary to have small tokens ready for Easter Day.

Most people like to receive something that is new, and it is fortunate that various beauty products have come out just in time to ease the problem of what to give. Here are some, as hot from the oven as the buns themselves.

Something which will be warmly welcomed by women friends who suffer from a dry skin is a new soap by the famous house of Bronnley. This contains an extra-than-usual percentage of pure oils, which makes it perfect for those who like to give their complexions a good wash, but fear that it may prove too drying. By reason of the oils, the new Bronnley soap acts like a cold cream, and is very soothing. It can be had in the true scents of sweet pea (blue), rose geranium (pink), mignonette (green) and golden primula (golden).

SOMETHING else for a dry skin (a condition that is so prevalent at this time of year) is Charles of the Ritz's new "Special Formula Emollient." Designed to re-create the tonal balance of the skin, this emollient gives deep lubrication, without leaving any greasiness on the surface. For those who dislike going to bed with a feeling of "stickiness," it should prove a blessing. Since it is only just on the market, it is a perfect up-to-the-minute Easter gift.

The most fashionable shade of pink at the moment is a soft corally tone, which is delicate, warm, and softly flattering to the looks. To tone with it there are some lovely new lipsticks and nail varnishes. From Cutex comes "Coral Ice," which is equally becoming to the lips and the finger tips. Peggy Sage, too, introduces a new shade called "Coral Touch," which gives an attractive rosy glow. It can be had in nail varnish and lipstick.

In spring and summer particularly, a woman's fancy turns to fragrance. Anything new in this line is bound to have appeal, whether it is in the actual scent or in the bath luxuries that match it. In good time for Easter, Atkinsons have come forth with two spring-like perfumes, "Freesia" and "Lilac." These can both be had in scent with a matching soap. Tucked into an Easter egg, they should ensure a warm "thank-you" on Easter day.

CERTAIN of popularity are two lovely new variations on the rose theme. To their well-known range of talcum powders, Cussons have added "Damask Rose." This powder captures the true fragrance of the rose, and is silkily soft to the skin.

Morny's make a welcome addition to their "June Rose" range, with a creamy, long-lasting soap in a delicate "Tea-Rose" colour. This comes in three presentation varieties; hand soap (box of three), bath discs (box of three) and visitors' discs (box of six). Other matching products are talcum powder, bath dusting powder, bath salts tablets, bath crystals, bath essence, perfume.

Perfumery departments are proving imaginative and helpful with special Easter eggs filled with a delightful selection of fragrant gifts. You can have a bottle of scent of your own choosing, put into a small egg, or a matching set of bath luxuries in a large one. These can be selected from the new products, or from those that have already endeared themselves to a wide public. The eggs photographed for you on this page can be had filled or empty, according to choice. The colours are in soft pastel shades, delicate, and very pretty.

Lastly, let us not forget that men, too, like the odd gift, and are not averse to their own special brands of bath luxuries and shaving accessories in the way of lotions, creams and talcs.

—Jean Cleland



Dennis Smith

EASTER EGGS from Marshall & Snelgrove; unfilled, the large one costs £1 1s. and the small one 12s. 11d. Filled, the large one contains Guerlain's talc, 9s. 3d., cologne 15s. 3d., soap 2s. The small one contains Guerlain's "Ode" scent, £7 19s. 6d. The primroses, which cost 10s. 6d. a bunch, are from Harrods



Pearl Freeman

Miss Gabrielle Brooke-Hitching, elder daughter of Mr. T. G. Brooke-Hitching, of Kensington Palace Gardens, W.8, and Mrs. R. St. G. B. Gore, of Bulleigh Barton, Devon, has announced her engagement to Mr. D. Wynne-Griffiths, son of the late Mr. C. Wynne-Griffiths and Lady Churston, of Churston, Devon



Pearl Freeman

Miss Juliet Anne Toke-Nichols, only daughter of the late Cdr. S. C. J. Toke-Nichols, R.N., and of Mrs. Toke-Nichols, of Mitchells House, Mersham, Kent, is to marry Mr. Timothy John Davis, son of the late Mr. G. E. S. Davis, and of Mrs. Davis, of Eaton Square, London, S.W.1

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Bassano

Miss Stella Male, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. G. Male, of Swinley Lodge, Ascot, Berkshire, has become engaged to Dr. J. Francis G. Pigott, only son of W/Cdr. O. R. Pigott, R.F. (retd.), and Mrs. Pigott, of the Grange, Wokingham, Surrey



Harlip

Miss Jane Evelyn Reine Butler, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Butler, of Sutton House, Clifton, Bristol, is to marry Mr. John Francis Strange Akerman, only son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. J. B. Akerman, of The Grange, Stawell, near Bridgwater, Somersetshire



Yevonde

Miss Alice Pryor, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pryor, of Weston Park, Hitchin, Hertfordshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Cherry, who is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cherry, of Hornbeams, Welwyn. Hertfordshire



Fayer

Miss Felicity Monique North, only daughter of the late Michael Richard North, R.N., and Mrs. Michael Grogan, Montpelier Square, S.W.7, is to marry Mr. John Hurleston Leche, eldest son of Sir John H. Leche, of Carden, and the late Lady Leche

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Elegant all-day
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'MARCUSA', Marcol House, 293 Regent Street, London, W.1.

Horrockses



Browell—Morris. Capt. Jasper Miles Browell, R.A., son of Capt. and Mrs. J. G. Browell, of Berwick-on-Tweed, married Miss Elizabeth P. A. Morris, daughter of the Rev. Canon and Mrs. T. E. G. Morris, of H.Q. North-West District, at the Savoy Chapel

RECENTLY MARRIED



Smith—Dyson. Mr. Percival Francis Smith, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wale Smith, of Kingsbury, London, was recently married to Miss Audrey Frances Dyson, only daughter of Sir Cyril and Lady Dyson, of York Road, Windsor, Berkshire, at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Windsor



Essame—Galpin. Dr. Robin Stephen Kennedy Essame, younger son of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. H. Essame, of Fuidge House, Honiton, married Miss Nancy Rhoda Galpin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Galpin, of Ambassadors Court, St. James's Palace, at the Chapel Royal, St. James's



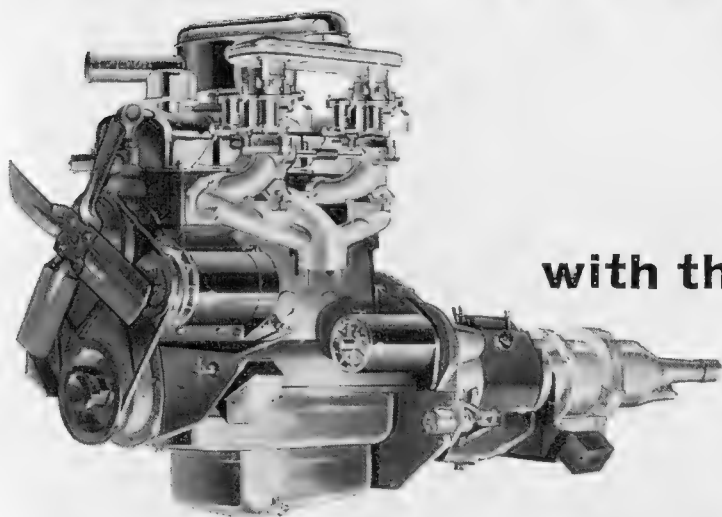
Westacott—Johnson. The wedding took place recently of Mr. John D. Westacott, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Westacott, of Denham Cottage, Totteridge Common, N.20, and Miss Judith Ann Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Johnson, of Hadley Wood, Middlesex, at Cockfosters



Larkins—Bell. Mr. Geoffrey David Larkins, son of the late Mr. C. W. Larkins, and of Mrs. E. M. Larkins, of Adelaide, married Miss Frances Mary Wentworth Bell, daughter of the late Capt. M. C. Bell, and of Mrs. M. H. Mallinson, of West Malvern, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge



MORE POWER, MORE ZIP ...yet with generous M.P.G



Yes, there's more power, more *zip* in the Rapier's brilliant 1.4 litre R67 engine—product of Sunbeam's unique rally-winning experience. Yet for all its sporting performance, it's still surprisingly thrifty on petrol. With its splendid road holding, all-round vision, safety, style and space, the Rapier is one of the most exhilarating cars on the road.

with the '*R*' Sixty-Seven engine

The '*R*' Sixty-Seven engine has been developed to give a higher power output and even more vivid acceleration through the gears. Developing 67 b.h.p. it is fitted with new inlet and exhaust manifolds incorporating twin Zenith downdraught carburettors and new heat-resistant exhaust valves for longer life. Overdrive, fitted as standard, operates on top and third gears.
£695 (P.T. £348.17.0). White-wall tyres and overriders available as extras.

SUNBEAM RAPIER



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Sunbeam-Talbot Ltd. Coventry. London Showrooms and Export Division: Rootes Ltd. Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London.W.1.



The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
APRIL 3,
1957
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THIS MODEL (above) of the 1894 Panhard et Levassor, the first car to be driven openly on British roads, was presented to the Queen when, as Patron of the R.A.C., she visited the Club in connection with its Diamond Jubilee. She is seen (right) presenting a founder's plaque to Mr. Claude Grahame-White, veteran motorist and airman



Motoring

INGENIOUS ROAD SCHEME

OF all the articles and commentaries that have been written about roads, the most valuable appeared in the *Architectural Review* the other day. The authors take the realistic view that, although we all know that this country needs an entirely new road system, it will not get one, at any rate during the next fifty years. They therefore present a coherent code which could be applied immediately and they illustrate the form of signals and markings that would go with it.

Most public attention has been focused upon their use of the word "ON," written on the surface of the carriageway. Where the motorist sees this word, he has priority, and can overtake even though he may not be able to see the normally necessary minimum of 500 metres ahead. The point is that a motorist coming from the other direction reads the word "NO" from the same pair of letters. By its characteristic of giving opposite meanings according to the way up in which it appears to the reader, the word "NO" does the duty of a one-way valve for traffic.

That is certainly an ingenious idea; but it is only one of a set of good ideas which make up, as I have said, a coherent code or system of road use which might help to mitigate the frustrations of driving in the United Kingdom today. As we have an energetic Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation it may be hoped that this promising scheme will receive his full official attention. I must congratulate the *Architectural Review* upon presenting the plan.

YET another British car is being offered—at present for export only—with disc brakes. It is the Aston Martin DB 2/4 Mark III. Aston Martin have gained a great deal of experience with Girling disc brakes in racing and it was almost inevitable that their models for the ordinary market would soon be available with them.

Disc brakes are a certainty in cars of the future. I am personally inclined to think that fuel injection is also a certainty. When the system is right, fuel injection provides more accurate control of alimentation than an ordinary carburettor can do. And here again Aston Martin are in the field. A DB 3S will run in practice for the April 6 Oulton Park meeting (the British Empire Trophy) with C.A.V. petrol injection.

Three cars are down for the practising and it is intended, at the time I am writing these notes, that the two which show the best performance will race. The drivers selected are Roy Salvadori and Noel Cunningham Reid.

My remarks the other day about the probability that the

minimum motor car would retain its popularity, even after petrol rationing ceases and supplies are plentiful again, are receiving confirmation from several sources. After its demonstration to the Sports Car Club of America, the attractive little Berkeley has been ordered in large numbers. The value figure given me is 500,000 dollars. And more orders are expected. The price of the car in the United States is just under 1,600 dollars.

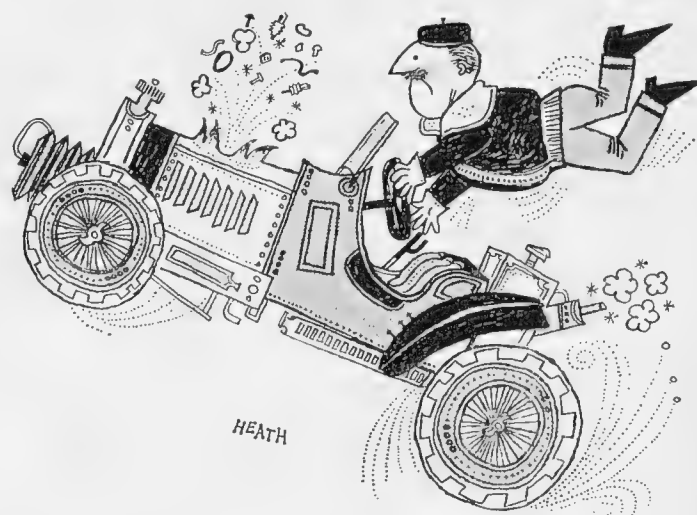
Before the cars are dispatched, full stocks of spares are to be sent out to America so that there should be no cause for the complaint, sometimes heard about British cars in the U.S.A., that spares are difficult to obtain.

Among the more conventional small cars advances are being made which should enable them, also, to hold and to increase their markets whatever happens to petrol supplies. Thus the Standard Motor Company is now making its 8- and 10-h.p. saloons available with the Laycock de Normanville overdrive. This can be used on second, third and top gears. Including purchase tax, the price of the overdrive is £63 15s.

AFTER all I have written about the need for every new building in London or any other great city to have its own garage, it was disappointing to find that the new West London air terminus will have no special garage facilities. This building is to be built on the steel and concrete platform which is being erected by the London Transport Executive near Gloucester Road.

Without full garage and parking facilities, the new building is doomed to inefficiency. Until I had a check telephone call made, I could not believe it to be possible.

—Oliver Stewart



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DINING IN

Stuffed eggs for Easter

WITH Easter entertaining in mind, I thought that a few presentations of cold stuffed eggs might be useful, as an hors d'oeuvre, a garnish for a platter of cold meats, or, with plenty of salad, on their own.

First, then, boil the eggs hard and, having shelled them, cut a sliver off each end or side (so that they will sit up properly when filled); then cut each egg in half—across or lengthwise, just as you wish—and remove the yolks. For Anchovy Eggs, my favourite of all stuffed ones (which I never see nowadays, any more than I find egg and anchovy sandwiches), proceed as follows:

For four hard-boiled eggs, chop four to six fillets of anchovies (in oil). Pound them to a paste, then work in the sieved egg yolks, two to three tablespoons of rich cold Bechamel sauce and a few grains of Cayenne pepper. If you want a more pronounced anchovy flavour, beat in a teaspoon of anchovy essence. Pile or pipe into the egg whites, place each on watercress or a round of tomato and use as suggested above.

For stuffed Curried Eggs, sieve the yolks. Beat together a teaspoon of curry-powder and two to three tablespoons of very thick mayonnaise. Add half a teaspoon of chopped chives, the yolks and salt to taste. Pipe into the halved whites and use as a garnish or serve on a bed of chilled cooked rice, flavoured with chopped tarragon and moistened with diluted mayonnaise.

Another excellent filling is very simply made, if you grow or can get the herbs. The dish could be called "Eggs Remoulade" (at a pinch!) but, with mayonnaise as the base, we had better, perhaps, refer to Fines Herbes.

Chop equal quantities of parsley, chervil, tarragon and chives and add as much as you wish to two tablespoons of thick mayonnaise. Beat this mixture into the sieved egg yolks and season well, adding a few grains of Cayenne. Pipe into the egg whites.

When red sweet peppers are available, a little, finely chopped, goes wonderfully well in this filling.

—Helen Burke



"It is not the size of the egg that matters but its freshness."—ANON

THIS ILLUSTRATION, by Bruce Petty, preceding the delicious section on eggs, is taken from *The Casa Pepe Book Of Spanish Cooking*, by Pepe Solsona (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.)—a useful and interesting cook book by the owner of Soho's Casa Pepe restaurant

DINING OUT

Wild duck, wilder guests

IT always gives one great pleasure to receive letters from readers who have something to say about one's column; it is particularly interesting when they come from distant parts of the world. From time to time I recount the experiences of Col. Newnham-Davis, a very distinguished gourmet who wrote a book on dining out which was published in 1899, and who was a considerable character in those days.

One incident described his experiences on taking the son of an old friend of his to lunch at the Trocadero on his way back to school at Harrow, and I have received a letter from a Mrs. S. E. Edwards of Sable River, Nova Scotia, concerning the gallant colonel. Here it is:

"Very recently a copy of *The Tatler* came into my hands and I was much interested—and amused—by your article *Stet Fortuna Domus*, since my parents were personal friends of Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis and, as a child, I used to hear my mother speak of him and his (to her) abnormal interest in any and every form of cuisine. In later years, after my father's five-year billet at the War Office had come to an end, my mother told me of one culinary mishap which unluckily took place on a night when the colonel was one of the guests and she, poor woman, was in process of 'breaking in' a new cook.

"It was quite a formal affair of fourteen people, and the game course was wild duck; with the birds went a very special sauce, with juice of tangerine oranges and wine as part of the recipe. It was—and still is—delicious; but alas! when the door opened and the hired butler appeared with the dish, a new . . . and most unwelcome . . . aroma also made its appearance. Cook had notions of her own and among them was the *idée fixe* that all ducks needed sage and onion stuffing! You can imagine the effect on Col. Newnham-Davis.

"I have often heard my mother say that an afternoon call from the colonel was rather like turning over the pages of a cookery book, with a wine list thrown in. Your mention of his name is nostalgic to an old woman in her early eighties, who, on coming out to Canada over forty years ago, had to learn to cook the wild ducks she shot."

—I. Bickerstaff



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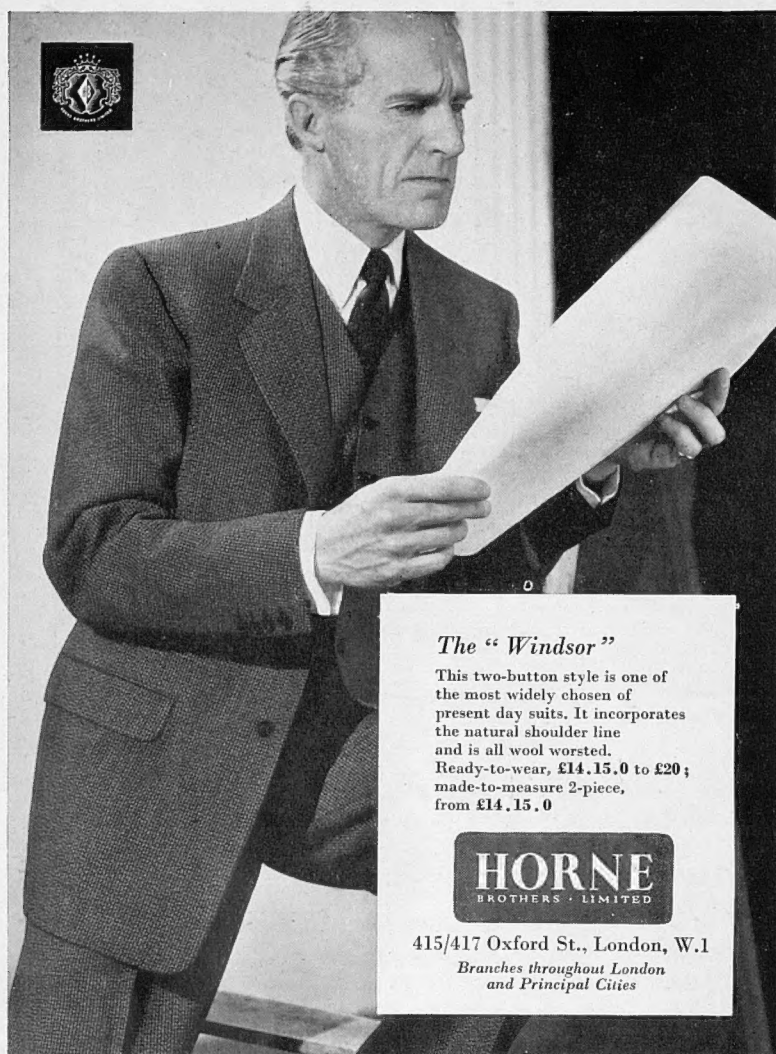
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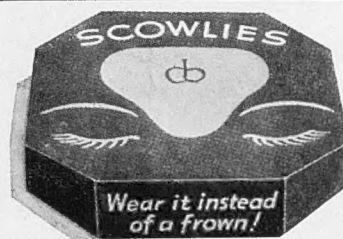
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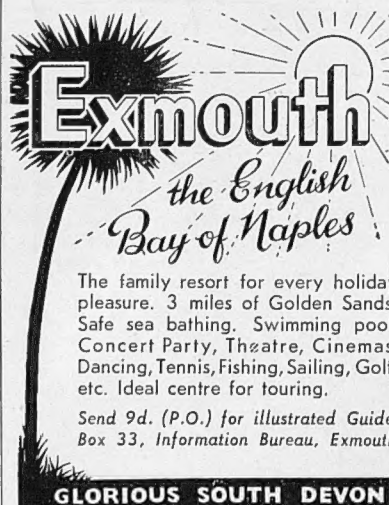


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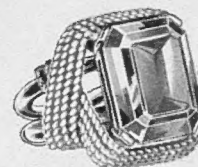
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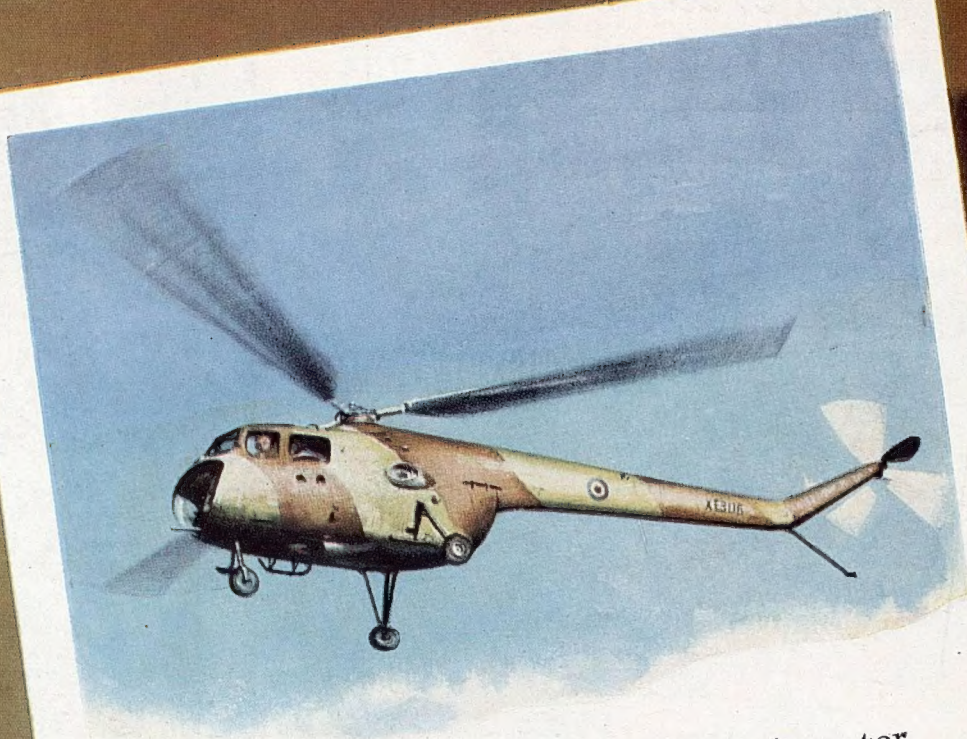
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